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I HAVE hitherto confin'd my Remarks to old Plays, becauſe I thought they were the faireſt Field of Criticiſm, and leſs known and underſtood by the Generality of Readers: But now I'll deſcend a little nearer our own Times, and begin with a Play which is juſtly celebrated for one of the moſt perfect in any Language, and indiſputably the beſt that ever Mr. *Dryden* wrote.—— Every Body will diſcern I mean his *All for Love*, or *The World well loſt*. 'Tis a Tale that has employ'd many Writers with various Succeſs, but none are Rivals in it but *Shakeſpear* and *Dryden*: All the reſt were very unequal to the Theme, and fail'd for want of Abilities to ſupport it: 'Tis unqueſtionably the beſt adapted to the Stage of almoſt any in Hiſtory, and the Characters of *Anthony* and *Cleopatra* the moſt ſhining Examples of Love, Extravagance and Misfortunes: In merely drawing their Portraits I think *Shakeſpear* has greatly the Advantage of his Succeſſor, nothing being more ſtrong, maſterly, and bold than his Touches every where: But in the Compoſition, Keeping, Manner, and Conſiſtency, the other as eminently deſerves the Superiority.——Mr. *Dryden*'s Play is one of the very few in our Language, that is reconcil'd to all the Rules, without loſing any of the Time, Spirit, and Action, that are to be found in irregular Plays: It has the Simplicity of the Antients, with infinitely more Majeſty and Grandeur, and all the Refinements of the Moderns, without their Perplexity. In a Word, except two or three trifling Faults, it may ſerve for a Model of Tragedy, and he will ſucceed beſt, who can copy its Excellencies neareſt.

The Play opens with a Relation of many Prodigies that preceded the Fall of *Antony*, and, if the Superſtition of it can be pardon'd, nothing can be a more proper Introduction.

Serapion, Myris.

Serap. PORtents and Prodigies are grown ſo frequent,
That they have loſt their Name. Our fruitful *Nile*
Flow'd e'er the wonted Seaſon, with a Torrent
So unexpected and ſo wondrous fierce,
That the wild Deluge overtook the Haſte
Ev'n of the Hinds that watch'd it: Men and Beaſts
Were born above the Tops of Trees, that grew
On th' utmoſt Margin of the Water-Mark.
Then, with ſo ſwift an Ebb, the Flood drove backward,
It ſlipt from underneath the ſcaly Herd:
Here monſtrous *Phocæ* panted on the Shore;
Forſaken *Dolphins* there, with their broad Tails,
Lay laſhing the departing Waves. Hard by 'em,
Sea-Horſes floundring in the ſlimy Mud,
Toſs'd up their Heads, and daſh'd the Ooze about 'em.

Enter Alexas *behind them.*

Myr. Avert theſe Omens, Heav'n. [One,

Serap. Laſt Night, between the Hours of Twelve and
In a lone Iſle o'th' Temple while I walk'd
A Whirlwind roſe, that, with a violent Blaſt,
Shook all the Dome: The Doors around me clapt;
The Iron Wicket, that defends the Vault,
Where the long Race of *Ptolemies* is laid,
Burſt open, and diſcloſ'd the mighty Dead.
From out each Monument, in Order plac'd,
An armed Ghoſt ſtarts up: The Boy King laſt
Rear'd his inglorious Head. A Peal of Groans
Then follow'd, and a lamentable Voice
Cry'd, *Ægypt* is no more. My Blood ran back,
My ſhaking Knees againſt each other knock'd;
On the cold Pavement down I fell intranc'd,
And ſo unfiniſh'd left the horrid Scene.

The Converſation that follows this, between them and *Alexas* the Queen's Creature, wherein the Dangers of *Ægypt* are enumerated, and the eaſy Manner of preventing them by giving up *Antony*, but that *Cleopatra*'s Love for him denies it, is a fine and delicate Hint in her Favour, and prepares you betimes to forgive her.

The Entry of *Ventidius* here, and the Intelligence he receives of *Antony*'s Deſpair, as beautifully introduces *Antony* himſelf, and makes room for one of the nobleſt Scenes in the World, which cloſe the firſt Act.

Antony, Ventidius.

Ant. Art thou *Ventidius?*
Vent. Are you *Antony?*
I'm liker what I was, than you to him
I left you laſt.
Ant. I'm angry.
Vent. So am I.
Ant. I would be private: Leave me.
Vent. Sir, I love you,
And therefore will not leave you.
Ant. Will not leave me?
Where have you learnt that Anſwer? Who am I?
Vent. My Emperor; the Man I love next Heav'n.
If I ſaid more, I think 'twere ſcarce a Sin:
You're all that's good, and god-like.
Ant. All that's wretched.
You will not leave me then?
Vent. 'Twas too preſuming
To ſay I would not; but I dare not leave you:
And, 'tis unkind in you to chide me hence
So ſoon, when I ſo far have come to ſee you.
Ant. Now thou haſt ſeen me, art thou ſatisfy'd?
For if a Friend, thou haſt beheld enough;
And, if a Foe, too much.
Vent. Look, Emperor, this is no common Dew,
I have not wept theſe forty Years; but now
My Mother comes afreſh into my Eyes;
I cannot help her Softneſs. weeps!
Ant. By Heav'n, he weeps, poor good old Man, he
The big round Drops courſe one another down
The Furrows of his Cheeks. Stop 'em, *Ventidius*,
Or I ſhall bluſh to Death: They ſet my Shame,
That caus'd 'em, full before me.
Vent. I'll do my beſt.
Ant. Sure there's Contagion in the Tears of Friends.
See, I have caught it too; believe me, 'tis not
For mine own Griefs but thine. —— Nay, Father.
Vent. Emperor.
Ant. Emperor! Why, that's the Style of Victory,
The conqu'ring Soldier, red with unfelt Wounds,
Salutes his General ſo: But never more
Shall that Sound reach my Ears.
Vent. I warrant you.
Ant. *Actium, Actium!* Oh ——
Vent. It ſits too near you.
Ant. Here, here it lies; a Lump of Lead by Day,
And, in my ſhort, diſtracted, nightly Slumbers,
The Hag that rides my Dreams ——
Vent. Out with it; give it Vent.
Ant. Urge not my Shame.
I loſt a Battle.
Vent. So hath *Julius* done. [think'ſt;
Ant. Thou favour'ſt me, and ſpeak'ſt not half thou
For *Julius* fought it out, and loſt it fairly:
But *Antony* ——
Vent. Nay, ſtop not.
Ant. *Antony*.
(Well, thou wilt have it) like a Coward, fled,
Fled while his Soldiers fought; fled firſt, *Ventidius*.
Thou long'ſt to curſe me, and I give thee Leave.
I know thou cam'ſt prepar'd to rail.
Vent. I did.
Ant. I'll help thee —— I have been a Man, *Ventidius*.
Vent. Yes, and a brave one; but ——
Ant. I know thy Meaning.
But, I have loſt my Reaſon, have diſgrac'd
The Name of Soldier, with inglorious Eaſe.
In the full Vintage of my flowing Honours,
Sate ſtill, and ſaw it preſt by other Hands.
Fortune came ſmiling to my Youth, and woo'd it,
And purple Greatneſs met my ripen'd Years.
When firſt I came to Empire, I was born
On Tides of People, crowding to my Triumphs;
The Wiſh of Nations, and the willing World
Receiv'd me as its Pledge of future Peace;
I was ſo great, ſo happy, ſo belov'd,
Fate could not ruin me; till I took Pains,
And work'd againſt my Fortune, chid her from me,
And turn'd her looſe; yet ſtill ſhe came again.
My careleſs Days, and my luxurious Nights,
At length have weary'd her, and now ſhe's gone.
Gone, gone, divorc'd for ever. Help me, Soldier,
To curſe this Mad-man, this induſtrious Fool,
Who labour'd to be wretched: Pr'ythee curſe me.
Vent. No.
Ant. Why?
Vent. You are too ſenſible already
Of what you've done, too conſcious of your Failings,
And like a Scorpion, whipt by others firſt
To Fury, ſting yourſelf in mad Revenge.
I would bring Balm, and pour it in your Wounds,
Cure your diſtemper'd Mind, and heal your Fortunes.
Ant. I know thou would'ſt.
Vent. I will.
Ant. Ha, ha, ha, ha.
Vent. You laugh.
Ant. I do, to ſee officious Love
Give Cordials to the Dead.
Vent. You would be loſt then?
Ant. I am.
Vent. I ſay you are not. Try your Fortune.
Ant. I have to th' utmoſt. Doſt thou think me deſperate
Without juſt Cauſe? No, when I found all loſt
Beyond Repair, I hid me from the World,
And learnt to ſcorn it here; which now I do
So heartily, I think it is not worth
The Coſt of keeping.
Vent. *Cæſar* thinks not ſo:
He'll thank you for the Gift he could not take.
You would be kill'd, like *Tully*, would you? do,
Hold out your Throat to *Cæſar*, and die tamely.
Ant. No, I can kill myſelf; and ſo reſolve.
Vent. I can die with you too, when Time ſhall ſerve;
But Fortune calls upon us now to live,
To fight, to conquer.
Ant. Sure thou dream'ſt, *Ventidius*.
Vent. No; 'tis you dream; you ſleep away your Hours
In deſperate Sloth, miſcall'd *Philoſophy*.
Up, up, for Honour's Sake; twelve Legions wait you,
And long to call you Chief: By painful Journeys,
I led 'em, patient, both of Heat and Hunger,
Down from the *Parthian* Marches, to the *Nile*.
'Twill do you Good to ſee their Sun-burnt Faces, ['em
Their ſcarr'd Cheeks, and chopt Hands; there's Virtue in
They'll ſell thoſe mangled Limbs at dearer Rates
Than yon trim Bands can buy.
Ant. Where left you them?
Vent. I ſaid, in lower *Syria*.
Ant. Bring 'em hither;
There may be Life in theſe.
Vent. They will not come. [Aids,
Ant. Why doſt thou mock my Hopes with promis'd
To double my Deſpair? They're mutinous.
Vent. Moſt firm and loyal.
Ant. Yet they will not march
To ſuccour me. O Trifler!
Vent. They petition
You would make Haſte to head 'em.

[*To be continued in our next.*]

Continuation of the Criticiſm on the Tragedy of the Bond-Man, *by* Maſſinger.

The next Scene is a Converſation between the two Friends *Leoſthenes* and *Timagoras*, in the Midſt of which *Timandra* brings Intelligence that her Lady is gone to make a Viſit to the Bond-Man in Priſon: On which they both hurry thither in a Rage, with Deſign either to reclaim or deſtroy her.——The Scene then changes to the Priſon,

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where *Cleora* is introduc'd with *Piſander*, in the following Dialogue, which with their being ſurpriz'd by the two Friends, naturally brings the whole Affair to an Iſſue.

Piſand. MY better Angel [wiſely;
Aſſumes this Shape to comfort me, and
Since from the Choice of all cœleſtial Figures,
He could not take a viſible Form ſo full
Of glorious Sweetneſs.
Cleora. Riſe. I am Fleſh and Blood,
And do partake thy Tortures.
Piſand. Can it be?
That Charity ſhould perſuade you to deſcend
So far from your own Height, as to vouchſafe
To look upon my Sufferings? How I bleſs
My Fetters now, and ſtand engag'd to Fortune
For my Captivity, no, my Freedom rather!
For who dares think that Place a Priſon, which
You ſanctify with your Preſence? Or believe,
Sorrow has Power to uſe her Sting on him,
That is in your Compaſſion arm'd, and made
Impregnable? Tho' Tyranny raiſe at once
All Engines to aſſault him.
Cleora. Indeed Virtue,
With which you have made evident Proofs, that you
Are ſtrongly fortified, cannot fall, tho' ſhaken
With the Shock of fierce Temptations, but ſtill triumphs
In ſpight of Oppoſition. For myſelf
I may endeavour to confirm your Goodneſs,
(A ſure Retreat which never will deceive you)
And with unfeigned Tears expreſs my Sorrow
For what I cannot help.
Piſand. Do you weep for me?
O ſave that precious Balm for noble Uſes,
I am unworthy of the ſmalleſt Drop,
Which in your Prodigality of Pity
You throw away on me. Ten of theſe Pearls
Were a large Ranſom to redeem a Kingdom
From a conſuming Plague, or ſtop Heaven's Vengeance
Call'd down by crying Sins, tho' at that Inſtant
In dreadful Flaſhes falling on the Roofs
Of bold Blaſphemers. I am juſtly puniſh'd
For my Intent of Violence to ſuch Pureneſs;
And all the Torments Fleſh is ſenſible of
A ſoft and gentle Penance.
Cleora. Which is ended
In this your free Confeſſion.
Enter Leoſthenes and Timagoras.
Leoſt. What an Object
Have I encounter'd?
Timag. I am blaſted too:
Yet hear a little further.
Piſand. Could I expire now,
Theſe white and innocent Hands cloſing my Eyes thus
'Twere not to die, but in a heavenly Dream
To be tranſported, without the Help of *Charon*
To the *Elyzian* Shades. You make me bold:
And but to wiſh ſuch Happineſs, I fear,
May give Offence.
Cleora. No, for believe't, *Marullo*,
You have won ſo much upon me, that I know not
That Happineſs in my Giſt, but you may challenge.
Leoſt. Are you yet ſatisfied?
Cleora. Nor can you wiſh,
But what my Vows will ſecond, tho' it were
Your Freedom firſt, and then in me full Power
To make a ſecond Tender of myſelf,
And you receive the preſent. By this Kiſs
(From me a Virgin Bounty) I will practiſe
All Arts of your Deliverance; and that purchas'd
In what concerns your farther Aims, I ſpeak it,
Do not deſpair, but hope.
Timag. To have the Hangman,
When he is married to the Croſs, in Scorn,
To ſay, Gods give you Joy.

[*To be continued.*]

SATURDAY, *March* 1.

YESTERDAY his Majeſty went to the Houſe of Peers, and gave the Royal Aſſent to the Malt-Bill, and to a Bill of Naturalization.

The *Scotch* Petition is rejected.

On Thurſday came on, in the Court of *Common-Pleas*, before the Lord Chief Juſtice *Eyre*, a Cauſe wherein a Vintner in *Durham-Yard* was Plaintiff, and a Gentleman, who lodg'd with him, Defendant; the Action was laid for 2000 l. for defamatory Words, ſpoken by the Defendant againſt the Vintner; and the Jury found a Verdict for the Plaintiff, with 1000 l. Damages.

They write from *Norwich*, that the Officers of the Cuſtoms having Information that a large Gang of Smugglers were at the *Black-Bull* at *Attlebridge*, about ſix Miles from that City, they went in Purſuit of them; but before the Officers could get thither, the Smugglers were gone, to the Number of forty, with ten led Horſes: But upon the Officers ſearching the ſaid Inn, and other Houſes, they found near 4 Cwt. of Tea, which they ſeiz'd. 'Tis added, that they were inform'd that the Gang upon the Coaſt conſiſted of at leaſt a hundred Perſons, divided into two Bodies.

We hear that a Bill will be preſented to Parliament for the further ſuppreſſing the Practice of Smuggling, and for the making it Felony to reſcue any Perſon concern'd in a Practice ſo pernicious to the fair Trader.

The Lord *Anne Hamilton*, Brother to his Grace the Duke of *Hamilton* and *Brandon*, is choſen Knight of the Shire of *Lanerk*, in the room of his Brother the Lord *William Hamilton*, deceaſed.

Samuel Holden, Eſq; one of the Directors of the *Bank of England*, is elected for *Baſtlow* in *Cornwall*, in the room of *Edward Trelawney*, Eſq; who holds his Place of Commiſſioner of the Cuſtoms, and is therefore diſqualified to ſit in the Houſe.

Death. By Letters from *Holland*, we have Advice of the Death of Mr. *Bowater*, Conſul at *Aleppo*.

MONDAY, *March* 3.

Saturday laſt being the Anniverſary of her Majeſty's Birth-Day, at Noon ſhe received the Compliments of the Nobility, Foreign Miniſters, and others Perſons of Diſtinction of both Sexes on that Occaſion, and the Appearance was very numerous and extremely ſplendid; the great Guns at the *Tower* and in the *Park* were fired, and the Evening concluded with the uſual publick Rejoicings.

The Appearance of Perſons of Quality of both Sexes was ſo numerous, that ſeveral of the prime Nobility could not get beyond the firſt or ſecond Rooms. Their Habits, particularly thoſe of the Ladies, were extremely rich, and moſt beautifully fancy'd. Her Grace the Dutcheſs of *Bedford* was eſteem'd the fineſt, having on a Gold Stuff moſt curiouſly embroider'd, and valued at 200 Guineas. The Dutcheſs of *Portland* appear'd in Jewels of an immenſe Value. The Gentlemen were for the moſt Part in cut Velvets or flower'd Silks; and 'tis aſſur'd, that there was hardly a Suit worn either by the Ladies or Gentlemen but was of our own Manufacture, which at this Time excels any in *Europe*.

The King and Queen came into the Ball-Room at half an Hour after Nine, and went out a Quarter before Twelve; the Prince of *Wales* and Princeſs *Amelia* begun the firſt Minuet.

The ſame Day the Society of *Antient Britons* met at *Will's* Coffee houſe in *Bow-Lane*, and went from thence to *Bow* Church, where, after the Communion Service, (which was perform'd in the *Antient Britiſh* Language) an excellent Sermon was preach'd in *Engliſh* ſuitable to the Occaſion; and then the Society proceeded to *Merchant-Taylors-Hall*, where an elegant Entertainment was provided for them.

Rainhall, a Houſe belonging to the Right Hon. the Earl of *Eſſex*, in the County of *Eſſex*, having been lately beſet in the Night-time by ſeveral ill-deſigning Perſons, who ſeiz'd a Servant of Mr. *Clapton*, his Lordſhip's Steward, and beat and bruiſed him in a barbarous Manner, declaring that their Intention was to have kill'd him and the ſaid Mr. *Clapton* his Maſter, and to have ſet the Houſe, Barns, *&c.* on Fire, had they not been prevented by the People in the Neighbourhood paſſing that Way; his Majeſty, for the Diſcovery of the Perſons concerned in the ſaid Crime, or either of them, has been pleaſed to promiſe his moſt gracious Pardon to any one of the ſaid Perſons who ſhall diſcover his Accomplice or Accomplices therein, ſo as he or they be apprehended and convicted thereof. And as a farther Encouragement for ſuch Diſcovery his Majeſty has alſo been pleaſed to promiſe a Reward of 50 l. for every one of the Criminals that ſhall be diſcovered and apprehended as aforeſaid, to be paid upon the Conviction of the Offender or Offenders.

We hear the Attainder of the late Earl of *Seaforth*, who was concern'd in the laſt Rebellion, will be taken off.

On Saturday laſt a Tradeſman's Servant at *Greenwich* was taken into Cuſtody for entering Capt. *Vanbrugh's* Houſe on *Maize-Hill* there about a Fortnight ago, and robbing his Siſter as ſhe ſate by the Fire, of about eight Guineas in Money; and being examin'd before a Juſtice, he was committed to *Maidſtone* Gaol; the Fellow knew the Houſe full well by coming there on his Maſter's Buſineſs.

The ſame Day came on at *Hicks's-Hall*, the Trial of *Luke Harding*, on Suſpicion of a Treſpaſs, Aſſault, and Reſcue, in entering the Houſe of Mr. *Dawgs* the Officer, beating and abuſing him and his Wife, and reſcuing a Smuggler in Cuſtody of the ſaid *Dawgs*; when after a Trial of four Hours he was acquitted.

Laſt Thurſday ended the Election of a Member of Parliament for *Melcomb-Regis* in *Dorſetſhire*, in the room of the Hon. *George Doddington*, Eſq; who made his Election for *Bridgwater*, when upon caſting up the Poll the Numbers ſtood thus,

John Tucker, Eſq;	156
—— *Olmius*, Eſq;	85
Majority	71

Whereupon Mr. *Tucker* was declared duly elected.

Death. A few Days ſince died at *Cambridge*, the Rev. Mr. *Croſſing*, Fellow of *Pembroke-Hall*.

Bankrupt. William Adcock, late of *Aſtwell* in the County of *Rutland*, Chapman.

TUESDAY, *March* 4.

Her Royal Highneſs the Princeſs of *Orange* having had ſome extraordinary Diſorders, a Doubt lately aroſe as to her Pregnancy; but 'tis now aſſur'd that her Royal Highneſs is happily advanc'd into her ninth Month, ſo that the News of her Delivery may be ſpeedily expected.

As ſeveral Coaches were ſetting out from a ſmall Country Borough, with ſome of the Electors as Witneſſes, accompanied by their Wives, to attend the Houſe of Commons, on a Petition, a Meſſenger arrived to acquaint them they need not come up, for the Petition was withdrawn; but the Women cry'd out, 'It was promis'd them 'that they ſhould hear *Farinelli*, they would go up and 'hear him; for they were ſure that was not within the 'Act againſt Bribery:' And accordingly to Town they came.

We hear that the Exceedings in the Expences of the Government for the laſt Year amount to 81,568 l. incurr'd by augmenting his Majeſty's Forces and concerting ſuch Meaſures as the Exigency of his Affairs have requir'd, purſuant to the Vote of Credit, and that the Particulars conſiſt in Money payable by the Treaty of *Denmark*; for Levy-Money for a Body of 6000 *Daniſh* Troops, and for Part of the annual Subſidy, purſuant to the ſaid Treaty; for tranſporting the eight Regiments of Foot from *Ireland* to this Kingdom; for Levy-Money to augment the ſaid Regiments; and ſending ſix Companies of Soldiers from *Gibraltar* to *Jamaica*.

Laſt Week came on, before the Lords of Juſticiary at *Edinburgh*, a Trial at the Inſtance of *Thomas Murdoch* of *Cumloddan*, and his Majeſty's Advocate, againſt *Robert Cannon*, commonly call'd of *Killochy*, for the Crime of wilful Perjury, in ſwearing himſelf duly qualified, as preſcrib'd by the late Act of Parliament, to vote at the Election of a Member for the Stewartry of *Kirdcudbright*, altho' another Gentleman was, long before the ſaid Election, in Poſſeſſion of the whole Lands, in Virtue whereof he claim'd to vote: when the ſaid *Robert Cannon* was, by a Sentence of the Court, out-law'd, declar'd Fugitive, and his Moveables confiſcate, for his not ſtanding Trial.

There being but few publick Halls in this City that have Dwelling-Houſes belonging to them, and Sir *John Williams* being of the Mercer's Company, who have no Houſe, he has taken the great Houſe, late Mrs. *Seignoret's*, in St. *Paul's Church Yard*, to keep his Mayoralty in.

Laſt Friday Se'nnight a Gentleman at *Eaſt-Sheen* in *Surrey*, looking over his Garden-Wall, ſaw four Men coming up a back Road towards him, and apprehending they were Rogues, retired into his Houſe, in order to put himſelf and Servants into a Poſture of Defence; but they paſs'd by, and went to a neighbouring Alehouſe, where they drank two Pots of Beer, and enquired for Mr. *King's* of *Ham* Farm, not far from that Place, which the Gentleman hearing of, and ſuſpecting they had ſome ill Deſign upon the ſaid Farmer, ſent him Word to be upon his Guard; accordingly that Night they viſited Mr. *King*, but were attack'd at their Entrance into the Yard by a large Dog, which they beat in ſuch a Manner that they thought he had been dead; they then rear'd a Hurdle up againſt the Window, and attempted to enter the Houſe that Way, having been deny'd Entrance at the Door; but hearing the People up, ready to receive them, they quitted their Enterprize. One of them had a large Scar down his Cheek, and was ſuppos'd to have been *Gregory*, the Fellow who raviſh'd Farmer *Lawrence's* Maid. Had the Farmer, upon this Precaution given him by the Gentleman, had the Prudence to have been ſufficiently provided with Fire-Arms, 'tis thought he might have kill'd every one of them.

Yeſterday two notorious Houſe-breakers were taken at *Mount-Pleaſant*, the Lower-End of *Gray's-Inn-Lane*, in the following Manner; the Conſtable having Information of them, came to the Houſe with a Warrant; but the Rogues taking the Alarm, one of them forc'd his Way into the Fields, where he was purſued and taken, near *Black-Mary's-Hole*; as ſoon as he was taken (in Hopes of making himſelf an Evidence) he inform'd the Conſtable that one of his Companions was hid in a Cheſt, who went with his Priſoner, and found him there; they were ca-

fied before a Magiſtrate, and committed to *Newgate*. The Man found in the Cheſt proves to be a ſupernumerary Watchman in the Pariſh.

On Thurſday laſt a Motion was moved in the Court of Chancery, to diſcharge an Order obtained the laſt Seal-Day by Sir *Robert Sutton*, Bart. and Knight of the *Bath*, *Dennis Bond*, Eſq; *Robert Man*, Eſq; and many others, Defendants, to a Bill fil'd againſt them on the 26th of *July* laſt, for a full and particular Account of all the Tranſactions of the *Charitable Corporation ab Origine*, or ſince the firſt Inſtitution: The Bill contains 375 Sheets, whereof 113 Sheets are interrogatory; and having been referred to a Maſter for Scandal, Prolixity, and Impertinence, was reported not to be ſo in any Reſpect, but entirely neceſſary; the Court was pleaſed to make the Order peremptory for all the Defendants to put in their Anſwers on or before the firſt General Seal after *Eaſter-Day* next, excepting Mr. *Man*, who appeared by Affidavits to have been, as he ſtill is, ill of the Gout. Sir *Robert Sutton* was pleaſed to wave his Privilege of Parliament on this Occaſion.

Marriage. On Saturday laſt the Rev. Mr. *John Abbot*, Gentleman of his Majeſty's Chapel Royal, and Minor Canon of St. *Paul's* and *Weſtminſter-Abbey*, was married at *Whitehall* Chapel by the Biſhop of *London* to Miſs *Turner*, of St. *James's-Place*, a young Lady of a conſiderable Fortune.

Death. On Friday laſt died, at his Seat at *Stratfieldſea* in *Hampſhire*, *George Pitt*, Eſq; formerly Knight of the Shire for the ſaid County: 'Tis ſaid he died worth upwards of 10,000 l. *per Annum*.

WEDNESDAY, *March* 5.

Yeſterday at Noon was held a Cabinet Council at St. *James's*, when the Right Hon. Sir *Charles Wager*, Knt. firſt Lord Commiſſioner of the Admiralty, attended and made his Report of *Thomas Williams* the Pyrate, condemn'd at a late Seſſions of Admiralty, and he is ordered to be executed on Tueſday next; at the ſame Time Mr. Baron *Thompſon*, Recorder of this City, attended and made his Report of the 20 Malefactors under Condemnation in *Newgate*, when his Majeſty was pleaſed to order the 15 following for Execution on Monday next, *viz.*

Elizabeth Ambroke, for the Murder of her Baſtard Child.

Jane Habron, alias *Williams*, for ſtealing Plate and other Things to the Value of 10 l. out of the Houſe of *Michael Wallington*.

Elizabeth Stevens, for aſſaulting and robbing *Margaret Todd* on the Highway of a Silk Gown and other Things, to the Value of 4 l. 16 s.

William Williams, alias *Falkner*, for ſtealing a Shew-Glaſs from the Shop of Mr. *Edward Bills*, a Silverſmith in St. *Martin's-Lane*, to the Value of 27 l.

John Berkſhire, for robbing *William Naſh* of 10 Guineas.

John Fielder, *William Saunders*, *Joſeph Roſe*, and *Humphrey Walker*, for entring and robbing the Houſes of *Joſeph Lawrence* the Farmer at *Edgware*, and *William Francis* of *Paddington*, of Goods and Money to a great Value.

William Williams, *Richard Gulliford*, *William Iſaacſon*, and *Robert Jacks*, for breaking open the Houſe of *Richard Ridgeley*, and ſtealing Goods to the Value of 40 l.

John Sindall and *Anthony Lindſey*, for breaking open the Houſe of *Jane Love*, and ſtealing Goods and Linnen to a great Value.

His Majeſty was pleaſed to reprieve the five following, in order for Tranſportation, *viz.* *Mary Owen*, for ſtealing 22 l. out of the Houſe of Mr. *Chitty*; *Ralph Jones*, for ſtealing a Silver Tankard, Value 5 l. out of the Houſe of *Mary Clayton*, at the *Boar's-Head* Alehouſe in *Fleet-Street*; *Thomas Beaumont*, for ſending a threatning Letter to Mrs. *Penſon* of *Bloomſbury*; *Anthony Byrne*, for breaking open the Houſe of Mr. *Miller*, and ſtealing thence about 70 l. in Money, three Silver Spoons, and a Pair of Buck-ſkin Breeches; and *Ethelbert Dawkes*, for breaking open the Houſe of *Jane Love*.

On Saturday laſt Capt. *Burroughs* was tried at the *Old Bailey*, for the Murder of the Poulterer's Apprentice, in the Fray at *Mile-End*, and acquitted.

Laſt Week was burnt by Accident, *Theoborough*, the fine Seat of *Charles Davie*, Eſq; and the antient Habitation of the *Prideaux's* in *Devonſhire*.

Henry Fox, Eſq; is choſen a Burgeſs to ſerve in this preſent Parliament, for the Borough of *Hindon*, in the room of his Brother *Stephen Fox*, Eſq; who being alſo choſen for the Borough of *Shaftſbury*, made his Election for the latter.

Death. Yeſterday died Mr. *Thomas Thurkettle*, Meſſenger to the Treaſury, a Place worth about 300 l. *per Annum*.

Bankrupts. *Thomas Johnſton*, of *Ipſwich* in the County of *Suffolk*, Linnen Draper and Chapman.——*Robert Tedſtell*, of St. *Mary Newington-Butts*, in the County of *Surrey*, Coach-maker.

THURSDAY, *March* 6.

A Bill will be offered to Parliament this Seſſions, to lay a Tax on Batchelors and Widowers, in order to raiſe a Fund for the Maintenance of Baſtard-Children.

We hear that Sir *John Barnard* has offered a Propoſal limiting the Number of Play-houſes, and for putting them under the Regulation of Parliament.

In order to eaſe the Landed-Intereſt, there will be but Two Shillings in the Pound Land-Tax for the Year enſuing.

That a Million will be taken out of the Sinking-Fund: And that the Duty of Salt will be continued for a longer Term.

There have been exported from *Chriſtmas* 1733 to *Chriſtmas* 1734, Barley 70,224 Quarters, Malt 223,174, Oatmeal 3038, Rye 10,735, Wheat 498,196. Bounty allow'd for the ſame on Exportation 163,476 l.

On Monday began to be paid into the *Bank* of *England*, and on Tueſday was compleated, the third and laſt Payment of 50 *per Cent.* on the *Imperial* Loan of 250,000 l. two Payments, one of 20 *per Cent.* the other of 30 *per Cent.* having been formerly made.

On Tueſday Night laſt her Grace the Dutcheſs of *Marlborough*, Daughter of the Right Hon. the Lord *Trevor*, was ſafely brought to Bed of a Daughter.

A fine Canoe, lately brought over from *Lapland* in the *Loweſtoff* Man of War, Captain *Cotterell*, Commander, was on Tueſday laſt ſhewn to the Lords of the Admiralty, and afterwards preſented to his Grace the Duke of *Montagu*.

We hear that a few Days ago a Gardener near *Kenſington-Common* was arreſted in an Action of 22,000 l. at his Majeſty's Suit, for receiving and carrying off in his Cart ſeveral Parcels of Run Goods belonging to the Smugglers.

Yeſterday was held a Court of Aldermen and Common-Council at *Guildhall*, when the following Gentlemen were appointed of the Committee to conſider of a proper Place, *&c.* for building a Manſion-Houſe for the Lord Mayors of this City, *viz.*

The Right Honourable the Lord Mayor	Mr. William Tims
Sir Francis Child	Daniel Lambert, Eſq;
John Barber, Eſq;	Mr. Thomas Sandford
Sir John Williams	Mr. Deputy John Everett
Sir John Barnard	Mr. Deputy Joſeph Ayliffe
Robert Godſchall, Eſq;	Mr. Dep. Rich. Farrington
Mr. Deputy Wm. Jenkins	Mr. Deputy Thomas Davis
Mr. Deputy John Snart	Mr. Deputy Benj. Hodges
Mr. Deputy James Danſie	Mr. Deputy Samuel Tatum

Several more were nominated, but upon holding up of Hands the Lord Mayor declared the Gentlemen abovemention'd, but the Common Council divided in Favour of Mr. *Naſh*, who had 86, and Deputy *Tatum* but 80. Then the Court of Aldermen divided, and upon a Diviſion, Deputy *Tatum* had twelve Hands, and Mr. *Naſh* four, which added together, made 92 for Deputy *Tatum*, and 90 for Deputy *Naſh*. 'Tis remarkable, that the Numbers upon a Diviſion in Common Council have not been ſo equal for many Years.

Sir *William Billers* then moved, that no Perſon on the Committee ſhould furniſh Materials, or be otherways concern'd in the Profits of Building, *&c.*

Which was ſeconded by Alderman *Perry*:

But the Motion was oppoſed by Alderman *Barber* and Alderman *Godſchall*, who ſaid, they ſaw no Reaſon, why any Perſon on the Committee, that would furniſh Materials as good, and as cheap as another, ſhould not be employ'd; but after debating the Matter ſome Time, the further Conſideration of this Motion was adjourn'd.

Then a Motion was made and granted that the Committee ſhould draw out of the Chamber ſuch Sums as were neceſſary to pay Workmen for Plans, and for other Expences needful in the Enquiry.

Stocks-Market is thought to be the moſt proper Place; in which Caſe, the Herb-Market that's kept there, will be removed to *Fleet-Ditch*.

John Fielder, *William Saunders*, *Joſeph Roſe*, and *Humphrey Walker*, who are to be executed on Monday next, are order'd to be hang'd in Chains in ſome convenient Places near which they committed the Facts.

We have lately received ſome private Advices from *France*, which we think of Importance enough to be communicated to the Publick.

We are credibly inform'd in the firſt Place, that the Harbour of *Dunkirk*, by the Advice and Aſſiſtance of an *Engliſhman* reſiding three, who was a noted Smuggler a few Years ago, is now put in full as good a Condition as it was in the laſt War, *tho' it has no Fortification as yet*; and that a great Part of the *French Weſt-India* Trade now centers there, which it never did before.

A few Days ago 35 Recruits from *England* landed at *Calais*, for *Clare's* Regiment; they were carried over in a *French* Ship, and our Correſpondent ſays, he never ſaw more ſightly Fellows in his Life, moſt of them being ſix Foot high: But we don't know how to give Credit to what he tells us, ſuch *great Care being taken to prevent recruiting here for the* Iriſh *Regiments in* France; eſpecially ſince the late Notice ſo publickly given of that vile Practice.

We are further inform'd from *Calais*, that they have twelve Veſſels belonging to that Town, employ'd in no other Buſineſs than ſmuggling *French* Goods into *England*; and the Fiſhermen of *Bologne* and *Dieppe* ſeldom ſet out from their Ports on the Fiſhing Account, without a good Proviſion of Brandy, Silks, *&c.* in their Boats for the ſame honeſt Purpoſes.

We alſo hear that ſeveral Cargoes of Wool have arrived in *Normandy* and *Picardy* ſince the Petitions of our Woolen Manufacturers to the Hon. Houſe of Commons, for preventing the Exportation of our Wool. Thus the *Iriſh Recruiters*, the *French Smugglers*, and *our own Wool-Runners*, it ſeems are reſolv'd to make the moſt of their Time; but we hope the Legiſlature will ſoon put an End to their Succeſs, tho' they may not be able entirely to hinder their knaviſh Attempts.

By Letters from *Madrid*, which came by the laſt *French* Poſt, we are informed, that two of the Servants of the *Portugal* Ambaſſador there, reſcued a Criminal from the Officers of Juſtice, whereupon the King of *Spain* ordered a Party of Soldiers with their Bayonets fixed to their Pieces, who forced into the Houſe of the ſaid Ambaſſador, and even into his Preſence Chamber, and took 19 of his Servants Priſoners.

The *Portugal* Ambaſſador immediately ſignified this Breach of Nations, to the other Ambaſſadors or Miniſters of the ſeveral Nations at *Madrid*, took down the Arms of *Portugal* from over his Portico, retired to a Village ſome Diſtance from *Madrid*, and diſpatch'd a Meſſenger to his Court with a Narrative of the whole Affair.

Preferment. Laſt Week the Rev. Mr. *John Lowth*, Rector of *Willesford* in *Lincolnſhire*, was preſented by *Richard Halford*, Eſq; to the Rectory of *Edith Weſton* in the County of *Rutland*.

Deaths. On Monday laſt died, at her Houſe in *Charter-Houſe-Square*, the Lady *Wray*, Relict of Sir *Daniel Wray*, formerly High Sheriff of *Eſſex*.—— On Tueſday laſt died *Robert Hind*, Eſq; Brother to Mr. *Peter Hind*, the great Brewer in *Leather-Lane*.

FRIDAY, *March* 7.

Orders are given for a great many Ships of Sir *John Norris's* Squadron to be ſheath'd, in order for a Foreign Voyage.

Sir *George Walton*, Knt. Admiral of the Blue Squadron, reſign'd his Commiſſion as ſuch on Tueſday laſt, having obtain'd his Majeſty's Leave for that Purpoſe.

Sir *Cordell Firebrace*, Bart. was on Wedneſday laſt unanimouſly elected Knight of the Shire for the County of *Suffolk*, in the room of Sir *Robert Kemp*, Bart. deceas'd.

By Letters from ſeveral Country Places we learn, that the late Rains have occaſion'd the Waters to riſe ſo high, as have flooded the Fields in many Places; and it is fear'd will do great Damages; the Waters being as much out as at *Chriſtmas*.

Yeſterday Morning about Two o'Clock a Fire happen'd at Mr. *Le Fountain's* Coffee-houſe in *Marybone-Street* near *Golden-Square*, which was burnt down, together with all his Houſhold Goods, *&c.* They with Difficulty ſaved their Lives from the Flames; it alſo did conſiderable Damage to ſeveral other Houſes. 'Tis ſaid that it was occaſion'd by the Head of a Still flying off, wherein was a conſiderable Quantity of Spirits; and the Man who was ſet to attend it being aſleep, was very much burnt before he could quit the Place.

Such diligent Search has been made in *Eſſex* after the Gang of Robbers which have lately infeſted thoſe Parts, that 'tis thought they are now all diſpers'd.

They ſend a melancholy Account from *Lorrain*, of the Deſolation that fine Country is like to undergo by Means of the *French* Troops, tho' the Dutchy is actually under a Condition of Neutrality. Their Towns are unpeopled, the Peaſants taken from their Huſbandry, their Corn and Hay conſum'd without Recompence, and their Carriages employ'd in tranſporting Forage to the *French* Army. No leſs than 30 Squadrons of Cavalry were quarter'd there the laſt Winter, and the Inhabitants oblig'd to ſupply them with Fire and Candle, Bedding and Utenſils, Flour and Hay, inſomuch that there is neither Proviſions or Forage left in the whole Country, and the People expect inſtantly to ſee the terrible Effects of Famine enter their Doors.

Deaths. Yeſterday died in *Clarges-Street*, Sir *John Fielder*, of *Bramton* in *Derbyſhire*, and dying a Batchelor, his Eſtate of 2000 l. *per Ann.* comes to his Nephew Mr. *John Arnold*, a Gentleman about 19 Years of Age, now Student in *Oriel-College*, *Oxon.*——We hear from *Cambridge*, that Yeſterday died the Rev. Mr. *Jeffaries*, B. D. one of the Senior Fellows of *Pembroke-Hall*.

FOREIGN NEWS.

FROM *Berlin:* That the King of *Prussia* has received an Express from the Frontiers, with the News that a Detachment of the Troops under Count *Tarlo*, commanded by General *Steinflicht*, had attack'd and defeated a *Saxon* Convoy conducted by Major-General *Birckholts*, with about 600 Dragoons. These Letters add, that General *Birckholts* was very much wounded and taken Prisoner, and that most of his Detachment was cut to Pieces; and that the *Saxons* had also lost 40,000 Ducats, which the said Troops were convoying, three or four hundred Pair of Boots, and a good Quantity of Stores and Ammunition. The Letters from *Warsaw* of the 24th of *February*, N. S. which are just come in, confirm these Advices.

From *Italy:* That the Governor of *Messina* had offer'd to capitulate, but was refus'd till *Don Carlos*'s Arrival. Compell'd by a total Want of Provisions, he fitted out a Boat to sail for *Lipari* to procure a Supply; but the ungenerous Inhabitants put the Sailors in Arrest, and seven of them being found to be *Spanish* Deserters, were hung up immediately.

From *Frankfort:* That during the Elector of *Cologn*'s Stay at the Elector *Palatine*'s Court, he had frequent private Conferences with that Prince; and that their Electoral Highnesses had reciprocally communicated to each other their Sentiments of the new Proposals from the *French* Court, concerning another's Year's Neutrality.

The poor *Dantzickers* pay dear for their Confidence in *French* Faith; a new Detachment of *Cossacks* are arriv'd in the Territory of that City, where they are to stay with the former Detachments (living all the while as such polite Gentlemen usually do when they have the upper Hand) until the Magistrates pay that Part of the Sum imposed upon them by *Russia* which is fallen due, and the due Amount of which is deposited until the Arrival of a Receipt for it in Form; so that the Delay is not on their Side, tho' the Consequences of it oppress them. The *Vistula* is so prodigiously swell'd, that they are in great Pain at *Warsaw* and *Dantzick* about it; for if it overflows, it will lay a great Part of the Country under Water.

'Tis written from *Thorn*, that when the *Russian* Colonel, who has the Guard of the Primate of *Poland*, came to tell him the last Order he had, to bid him to prepare himself to set out *Pulturk*; that Prelate answer'd him, *If you will have me to set out, take me away by Force, for I have neither Health, Money, nor Horses; and if you will have me die, satiate your Desire this Moment, this Tomb will be my Glory, and will procure me eternal Bliss.* The Colonel was so highly mov'd at these Words, that he immediately sent an Express to General *Lasci*, to acquaint him with the ill State of the Primate's Health, and demand new Orders.

Hanover, March 4. Duke *Lewis Rodolph* of *Brunswick-Wolfembuttle* died the 1st Instant at *Wolfembuttle*, aged 63 Years, seven Months, and seven Days, being born *July* 22, 1671. He succeeded his Brother Duke *Augustus William*. The 22d of *April*, 1690, he married *Christina Louisa*, Princess of *OEtingen*, by which Marriage he had the present Empress Regnant, the late Great Princess of *Tuscany*, and the present Spouse of *Ferdinand Albert*, Duke of *Brunswick Lunenbourg Beveren*, who now succeeds Duke *Lewis Rodolph*.

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Glorious Things are spoken of thee, O City of God. *Selah.* Psal. lxxxvii. 3.

Who among you will give Ear to this? Who will hearken and hear for the Time to come? Isa. xlii. 23.

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The Most Wonderful CLEANSING *and* STRENGTHNING DROPS, *for all Sorts of* Gleets, *and* Seminal Weaknesses, *and* Imbecilities, *of the* Generative Parts *and* Faculties.

THESE incomparable Drops, which for the abovesaid Disorders are not to be equall'd in the whole Art of Medicine, were prescrib'd by the late great Dr. Ratcliffe, for a certain Noble Lord, who for a long Time had been vex'd with an old obstinate Gleet and Weakness, of which he was cured by them in a few Days, beyond all Expectation, after he had been harrass'd with Electuaries, Bolus's, Pills, Potions, Injections, and a hundred other Medicines, for many Months together in vain.

The Apothecary who prepared them for him, according to the Doctor's Prescription (which he has still upon his File) has made Use of them ever since, to Numbers of People, in the very worst of Gleets, Seminal, and Genital Imbecilities, and Infertilities, Pains in the Back and Reins, Disorders of the Urine and Gravel, &c. with the utmost Success and Safety; as also in all Weaknesses from Strains, as well as Venereal Relicks, Excessive Coition, Self-Pollution, Seminal Emissions in the Sleep, Falls, Blows, and the like, in both Sexes.

And as they have never once fail'd him, even in Cases thought to be incurable, he now, for general Good, has made them publick; and that the meaner Sort of People might partake of the Benefit of so divine a Remedy, as well as the Rich, he has put them up in Bottles of but 3 s. 6 d. each, tho' for the Excellency of their Effects, they are worth their Weight in Gold, more especially, as one Bottle of them generally cures, even in the most draining Gleets, and grievous Relaxations and Weaknesses of the Seminals and Genitals that are.

Nor can there be prepar'd, by any Art or Skill, a more cleansing and healing, or a more strengthning and invigorating Medicine, or one that can more effectually cure Impotency, or promote Fertility, than this, as every one that but once tries it will say, by their soon finding the Difference between this and other Remedies; for it will do more in one Day, towards restoring in these Weaknesses, than any others can in ten, and is of so corroborating a Nature, that it may be entirely relied upon for curing perfectly and firmly, without Fear of Relapse, even in the tenderest Constitutions, which can hardly be said of any other Medicine; and it is withal so elegantly pleasant to the Palate, and so agreeable to the Stomach, that the nicest Person is delighted with it.

It is to be had only at Mr. West's, a Goldsmith, at the Seven-Stars in the Old-Bailey, his Name under the Sign, ready seal'd up with Directions, for any Messenger, upon only asking for a Bottle of Drops, and paying 3 s. 6 d.

Hops			STOCKS		CHRISTNED			
Old 3*l* to 4*l*	10		*S.S.* 82 ½		M. 165 } In all 311			
New 4*l* to 5*l*			*Annu.* 106 ¾		F. 146 }			
Coals	25	26	*Bank* 140		DIED			
GRAIN *per* Quarter.			*India* 147 ½		Under	2		189
			3*p.C.* 92 ⅛		From 2 to	5	Old	41
Wheat	30	32	*MBan* 109		5	10		21
Rye	12	16	*Afric.* 20		10	20		12
Barley	13	17	*Y. Bu.* 4		20	30		35
Oates	10	14	*R Aff.* 96		30	40		34
Tares	20	21	*L. ditt* 12 ¼		40	50		45
H. Bean	20	22	*ECop.* 2 *l.*		50	60		24
H. Pea.	16	18	*W. ditt*		60	70		35
Boil. dit.	19	20	*N. Bank Cir* 6*l* 7 6		70	80		20
MALT.			*IBon.* 4*l* 8		80	90		13
Pale	20	21	*S.S.* 3*l* 17		Upwards 90			
Brown	16	19	3*p.C. I. Bonds* 2*l* 8		Bu. M. 227. F. 242.			
					Total 469. Decr. 86.			

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N. B. *Advertisements, of a reasonable Length, are put in this Paper at Two Shillings and Six-Pence each.*